And in wearing, thou ſhalt haue me better and better,
Thou ſhalt haue a face that is not worth ſun-burning.
But dooſt thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint *Denis*,
And Saint *George*, ſhall get a boy,
That ſhall goe to *Conſtantinople*,
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate*?
Kate. Is it poſſible dat me ſall
Loue de enemie de *France*.
Harry. No *Kate*, tis vnpoſſible
You ſhould loue the enemie of *France*:
For *Kate*, I loue *France* ſo well,
That Ile not leaue a Village,
Ile haue it all mine: then *Kate*,
When *France* is mine,
And I am yours,
Then *France* is yours,
And you are mine.
Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.
Harry. No *Kate*,
Why Ile tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband.
Let me ſee, Saint *Dennis* be my ſpeed.
Quan *France* et mon.
Kate. Dat is, when *France* is yours.
Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.
Kate. And I am to you.
Harry. Douck *France* ettes a vous:
Kate. Den *France* ſall be mine.
Harry. Et Ie ſuyues a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me.
Har. Wilt beleeue me *Kate*? tis eaſier for me
To conquer the kingdome, thē to ſpeak ſo much
More French.